

## THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:  
224 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C., as second-class matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Under the Direction of  
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor  
HENRY L. WEST, Business Manager

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail.  
Daily and Sunday, 50 cents per month.  
Daily, without Sunday, 40 cents per month.  
Daily, without Sunday, 4.00 per year.  
Sunday, without daily, 2.00 per year.

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.  
Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING  
SPECIAL AGENT, Brunswick Building.  
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRANHAM, Boyce Building.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1910.

## Practical Plan for Auditorium.

There is a practical plan at last to secure the great auditorium which Washington long has wanted and needed.

This comes through the George Washington Memorial Association, whose president, Mrs. Mary F. Dimmock, of New York, has enlisted the interest of the country in a movement to build and endow a memorial here to the first President. The nucleus of a fund already has been raised. Scientific and other bodies that would find in the proposed building permanent headquarters are pledging liberal sums, and the school children of the land are patriotically contributing their dimes and proudly wearing the button that signifies their interest and co-operation.

Mrs. Dimmock says confidently that the memorial will be built. She is familiar with the sentiment of the country, feels assured that all the States will do their part, and, therefore, entertains no misgivings as to the outcome. How soon the idea will be realized and the entire plan consummated depends altogether upon the activity of those who are determined that the project shall succeed.

If Washington, the City of Washington, will promptly raise, or pledge itself to raise, its proportionate share—a few hundred thousand dollars—Mrs. Dimmock is sure that an auditorium can be provided that will meet the demands of the inauguration in 1912. Dr. Charles D. Walcott, Mr. Charles J. Bell, treasurer of the association, and others who have co-operated with Mrs. Dimmock from the inception of the project, share fully her optimism and belief in the practicability of the plan.

A local organization has been effected, with Mr. W. V. Cox at its head, and the raising of subscriptions in Washington will proceed at once. Surely the public-spirited citizens who, after the last inauguration, took up the auditorium project so enthusiastically and subscribed so liberally will not withhold the same generous support from the more feasible plan now presented.

It is worthy of Washington's best and most successful effort. Besides the co-operation of citizens generally, it should have the earnest support of our civic and trade organizations, the Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce. They should be behind the movement solidly. The time to push this auditorium project is now. Let it be pushed vigorously.

"Being a member of Congress is not what it was," says the Wall Street Journal. Getting defeated for Congress does not seem to be any more popular than formerly, however.

## The Duke of Virginia.

So it seems that old King George III was once advised to tender Washington a dukedom, along with sufficient funds to support the dignity, on condition that the general use for peace with England, on terms equitable and just, but not involving separation from the mother country.

His majesty, so far as the record shows, failed to see the point, and the proffer was not made. This may have been through sheer obstinacy—the King was notoriously stubborn—or it may have been because he was not nearly so crazy as he was cracked up to be. Anyway, it is not certain Washington ever knew that any man, however humble, had him in mind as the Duke of Virginia, or something equally as good.

What if the title had been offered? Washington was an aristocrat by nature, however we may love to think of him as of the plain people exceedingly plain. He believed in ceremony and form, and he had his full share of family pride. It is not at all probable that he would have deprived La Fayette of his title, for instance, had he been able. Doubtless he thought it became the marquis and was properly and righteously attached to him.

But Washington never would have been even remotely tempted by the offer of an English dukedom, in the circumstances necessarily indicated by the tender. He would have scorned it, not as an idle thing within itself so much as, perhaps, an idle thing as applied to his case. A dukedom? Why, Washington might have been a duke! He might have created mere dukes with a scratch of his pen! But he was destined for higher things. He was to be the Father of his Country—the greatest republic the world ever knew, and fashioned to endure forever. What was being a duke—or even the founder of a royal house—compared to that?

All of this is assuming, moreover, that the suggestion had been made to Washington in a frank and worthy manner—in an effort to promote a peace creditable to all parties concerned, and as part and parcel of an honorable recognition of Washington's influence in bringing it to a conclusion. Of course, the tender of a dukedom as a mere bribe to Washington would have produced no problem calling for more than mere superficial consideration.

No matter how sincere the motives of

the King may have been, had he essayed to reach Washington with a dukedom, however, the interesting and appealing thing is that he must have failed!

## Justice to Accused Naval Officer.

The ways of naval administration, especially in the matter of discipline and efficiency of the personnel, are sometimes past finding out. An example of the mysteries attending this function of the Navy Department is furnished by the present decision not to try by court-martial the commanding officer and the engineer officer of the U. S. S. Marietta. A board of inspection reported to the Navy Department that gunboat was in a bad condition, with evidence of gross neglect on the part of the officer in command and the officer who had charge of the machinery. The contents of the report were such, evidently, as to require no further investigation, and the usual court of inquiry was omitted in a short cut, with striking directness of purpose, to a court-martial, which was to meet at the Portsmouth (N. H.) Navy Yard on Tuesday of this week. Before the court met, the Navy Department reconsidered its action and decided that the case against these two officers should be "indefinitely postponed," which, we take it, amounts to an abandonment of the purpose of further action.

It would seem, in a case of this kind, that Commander F. K. Hill, who is in command of the Marietta, has a right to the investigation which is now deferred. He has had the disadvantage of the publicity attaching to an announcement of a departmental purpose to try him. Information has been vouchsafed to the occasion for such action, and an officer who is confronted with charges so seriously reflecting upon his reputation as a naval officer, and destined to prove detrimental to his career, has a right to insist that the Navy Department shall give him the opportunity to prove his innocence. No one who knows the Secretary of the Navy will for a moment suspect that he has directed the indefinite postponement of the trial because any such proceeding is either necessary for Commander Hill's security or just to an officer confronted with official charges. If it has been discovered that Commander Hill has been unjustly accused, then something should be done with the reckless persons who make against naval officers charges which are not warranted.

That constitutes another very good reason why Commander Hill should insist upon his trial by court-martial.

## Laugh and Grow Fat.

Solomon, accounted the wisest man who ever lived, said: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." He knew that happiness came from within, not without. He believed in the mirth cure. He knew that troubles are borrowed, for he said so. He was enough of a doctor to know that laughter expands the lungs, that it aids digestion, and that it stimulates the entire system.

The story of the king who was suffering from melancholia, and who was told that if he were to sleep in a happy man's shirt he would be cured, illustrates this point. After a long search a beggar announced he had happy. Immediately he was asked for his shirt, only to reply that he had none. When the king was told that the only happy man to be found was so poor he had no shirt, the humor of the situation overcame him, and he at once recovered from his melancholia.

If you "never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you," the chances are you will live a life of peace and quiet.

If you can repeat the following story without bringing a look of disgust to the face of the hearer, you can put it down that he is not a pessimist:

"Nail a square piece of water against the side of a house, and when the water has dried up, move the house away, and what remains is a miff."

No further enlightenment is needed. Persons of a dyspeptic nature will not listen a second time.

The man who takes his worries to bed with him has the worst bedfellow in the world.

There are a good many cure-alls. Optimism is the cheapest and the best. It reaches further and costs less than any other. Better lay in a supply while yet you may. There is a time for everything, and the acquiring of a cheerful disposition is a good way to spend the time not devoted to other duties.

Col. Duncan B. Cooper's gun should be taken away from him until his friend Patterson is out of the governor's chair, anyway.

"Theodore Roosevelt has been President," says the Pittsburgh Post. But Theodore Roosevelt is no "has been."

"A Michigan game warden was speared by a fisherman," notes the Grand Rapids Press. We refuse to believe it. A real fisherman always gives the game warden a drink.

"I am as much of a gentleman as any man that lives," avers Mr. "Battling" Nelson. Few people will decline to dispute it right in front of Col. Nelson's face, moreover.

If the Mississippi legislature would go so far as to abolish itself entirely, it might not upset the universe.

Emperor William need not delude himself with the idea that he is going to get away with the big end of that meeting.

In our opinion, "the crime of '73" has been pardoned beyond all hope of reattribution.

It is comparatively safe to claim that you got up and saw Halley's comet this morning, whether you did or not. The chances are more than 16 to 1 that nobody within range of your voice will be in position to dispute it.

climbed Mount McKinley left anything to prove that it got where Dr. Cook did not get, or that Dr. Heavens above! We never shall get to the end of this thing, of course!

The National Woman Suffrage Association is alive to the fact that the American people do not relish having their President hissed.

"Although the Vice President is to have an automobile, the Speaker is not, simply because the 'insurgents' don't like him, and they took that method of letting him know they don't," notes the Savannah News. If that "simply" were their reason for refusing the Speaker's automobile, the "insurgents" are mighty small caliber statesmen.

After Mr. Roosevelt has converted the Kaiser and King Edward to his universal peace programme, he still will have to tackle Capt. Hobson.

Even if King Menelik were a Georgia peach crop, it is doubtful whether he could manage to die with more persistent regularity.

Those Shiners had to traverse some fairly "dry" territory on their way to New Orleans, perhaps, but we rather guess they struck an "oasis" at the journey's end, all right.

Mr. Taft still remains the nation's bright and particular matrimonial "mascot," at all events. One of the White House cooks is to wed one of the White House policemen.

Mr. Ollie James declares that no "watchdog of the Treasury ever barks at the home folks." Perhaps the Hon. Ollie intends this as a gentle hint to the home folks that he may be a "watchdog" later along.

Mr. La Follette should go a little slow on Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's appearance. Mr. La Follette might not win any medals in a beauty show.

"It is impossible for us to get over a certain liking for Mr. Taft," gurgles Collier's Weekly. Well, well! Mr. Taft surely will not mind, whatever happens now.

## BERLIN'S PLANS FOR FUTURE.

From the Chicago News.

Far-reaching plans for the Berlin of the future are absorbing the attention of German municipal experts. If the author's calculations are right, the Kaiser's capital before the end of the century will be an ideal city, with a population of 10,000,000 within an area having a mean diameter of thirty kilometers (eighteen miles). The city will be made to order and systematically laid out in accordance with plans adopted years in advance, prescribing the location of residence and industrial districts, the sites of parks, and the routes of transportation lines.

The plans in which this ideal project is formulated are the fruits of a prize competition among Berlin architects, engineers, and municipal experts. The prizes have been awarded, and the public is eagerly awaiting the exhibition in which they will be displayed.

"The project," says Hermann Jansel, an architect, who is one of the prize winners, "originated in the conviction that the way to build a city is not merely to add blocks of houses, but to lay out a definite scheme of residence and business districts and provide for the proper use of the adjacent forest and meadow land."

The time for the realization of the project the Greater Berlin committee fixes at 1925, allowing two generations to elapse.

## A Hit for Every Head.

THE BIG STICK

VOL. III, NO. 48.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Our Motto: If you see it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.

## MAYOR "BOB."

The Big Stick bears, with much genuine pleasure, that one of the bright young men in the advertising department of its esteemed contemporary, The Washington Herald, has been nominated for mayor of Mount Rainier, Md.

We refer to the handsome, genial, well-preserved, and accomplished Robert E. Joyce. Mr. Joyce, or "Bob," as he is familiarly known around and about this end of creation, is eminently fitted for the mayoralty of Mount Rainier. Under his guidance a candid metropolitan is surely fated to double its population eventually. All the patriotic Mount Rainierites will have to do will be to give "Bob" time, and things will bump. They just naturally will have to. We understand that real estate has advanced several cents per acre already, now that the Joyce news has leaked out. If a second term boom is started at once for "Bob," it is believed that an additional advance of several cents per acre will be forthcoming.

The report that Mr. Joyce had to be lassoed and thrown before he would consent to be nominated for mayor of Mount Rainier is a canard that might fittingly be described by a shorter and uglier word, as Mr. Roosevelt would say. The truth of the matter is, the population of Mount Rainier grows practically as one man—as seven or eight men, and which Mr. Joyce modestly but cheerfully agreed to do. The unknown and homeless individual who gave circulation to the anti-Joyce story alone noted is believed to be a combined Populist and anarchist, anyway.

Good luck to Mayor Joyce, say we!

## A NEW MAKE.

C. P. Glem has accepted the agency of a new make of automobile, called the Husky. He has disposed of only one so far, and that was to himself. If he can break it of the habit of getting stalled at 24th St., perhaps he will sell a great many.

## IN UNIFORM.

Sheriff Vieth, of Rockville, is to take in the Enchanted Realm in full uniform. The entire police force of the bureau is to accompany Washington to witness the ceremony.

## INDEED, SO.

"Oh, where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm none of your business, sir," she said.

Before I'd have a girl who talked like that. I'd marry her aunt, who is plain and fat.

## JOHN S. SHRIVER.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

MENTAL INDIGESTION.

"What ails me, Doc?" the patient said, "I'm not in pain; But feel a buzzing in my head. A mental strain." "Your case," said Doc, "is simpler than You might suppose, And very easy for a man To diagnose. You've simply tried, as I can tell, To read of late More baseball news than you can well Assimilate."

## Real Class.

"What, going to jilt the duke?" "Yes, I think I'll marry an American." "But think of the duke's castle and his moated grange." "All very well, but the other fellow owns a garage."

## Timely Caution.

"One word more," said the manager. "Don't write a play too expensive to be staged." "Just this. The price of white paper lets out snowstorms, and, of course, all eating scenes are barred."

## Spring Blooms.

A floral theme all poets love. About this time The magazines print slathers of Botanic rhyme.

## Practical Charity.

"See the poor stray cat." "Why not toss him some meat?" "No, I believe in teaching others to help themselves. I will throw out some crumbs to attract the birds, and maybe the cat can catch one."

## In the Park.

"That early robin," remarked Yorick Hamm, "struts about like a popular actor." "He has a right to be cheery," declared Hamlet Fatt. "He gets plenty of press notices."

## All Not Lost.

"Woe is me." "Oh, cheer up." "But she has refused me. I have nothing left to live for." "Yes, you have. You have an automobile."

## EXPLAINED.

"I beat my wife!" the stranger said, With boastful mien and proud. But he was hit upon the head And trampled by the crowd.

"I beat my wife!" again he cried; The crowd looked on with scorn. And to the city court they hied— Such wickedness to check.

"What's this, what's this?" his honor roared, With visage harsh and grim. "I beat my wife!" the stranger growled, Though hundreds glared at him.

"I beat my wife!" he said once more. The court retorted with a roar. "Ten years will be your time."

"I beat my wife!" the stranger blazed; The warden heard him well. His frowns were deep and grim And claimed him in the cell.

"I beat my wife! Let me explain." The stranger said at last. When he was free from jail again, His ten-year sentence passed.

"I beat my wife! I will confess— My wife, I lie to you!— I beat my wife! I lie to you!— I beat her badly, too!"

—Berton Bailey, in Puck.

The Separation Limited. Cupid's new conducting tour. Not to Gracia Green, O! Still directing our amours, Cupid's now conducting tours. "Come," he cries, "and take the cure. All aboard for Reno!"

Cupid's new conducting tour. Not to Gracia Green, O! —S. S. Stinson, in Puck.

## ON THE UNLIMITED.

It was the queerest journey that I ever took, I swear; No other single journey with this journey could compare.

When the train arrived at Plunkville and the news the basketman brought. He called it plainly "Plunkville." Please change cars for Shady-oak!

And the boy who sold bananas had a gentle voice, and sweet. His frowns were deep and grim. His clothing was quite neat. The fruit I purchased of him, he declared.

And it was as he proclaimed it, I saw it with a zest.

The window at my elbow wasn't stubborn, not a bit. And when I ceased to raise it, that was all there was to it. And the lady just behind me had three children—six or three.

And every blessed child was as good as it could be!

It was the queerest journey that I ever took, I swear; No other single journey with this journey could compare. The cars were far from stuffy; also new, and free from grime. And I believe it's right on time! D. J. CALLAHAN.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

John Gross dropped in at the Treasury Department Thursday.

George W. White contemplates an early trip to the seashore.

Capt. James F. Oyster stands up for the people every time.

Gen. Charles H. Grosvenor, affectionately called "Old Figures," is in our midst.

Archie Butt and Tom Nores met at the ball park opening day.

Arthur Marks no longer sighs for an evening newspaper field to conquer.

Arthur Dunn is doing the suffragists convention for the Woman's Daily. Choice assignment.

Dave Barry has caught the electric fever and now sports a naty raincoat.

John Nolan is slowly making the acquaintance of his automobile.

Louis Garthe was a recent visitor to Baltimore.

Phil. Nachman, the enterprising East Washington merchant, says he loves his wife; but, oh, you, Groto, Groto!

Pete Latimer and J. E. Noyan are rehearsing the latest up-to-date songs for the "Kill-a-police."

F. A. Herrmann, as well as Achilles Burkin, is preparing a new lot of hot stunts for the 25th of this month.

George Harries has a new automobile, but he has already become so expert in its manipulation that he can run it around a corner on two wheels.

## TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

## The Battle of Culloden—April 16.

The battle of Culloden was the last that was fought on the soil of Great Britain. While George II of England was engaged in the war of the "Austrian succession," Charles Edward, who was called the "Young Pretender," a grandson of King James II of England, landed in Scotland and made two attempts to obtain the throne of his ancestors. He was victorious in the battle of Falkirk, but the Duke of Cumberland, son of George II, having been recalled from the continent to take command of the King's forces, the Pretender was entirely defeated at Culloden Moor, a plain in Scotland, four miles from Inverness. This battle was fought on April 16, 1746, and it was also the last attempt on the part of the Stuart family to recover the throne of Great Britain.

Charles Edward Stuart escaped to France after he had wandered for five months in the Highlands, pursued by his enemies. He died in Rome on January 30, 1788.

The Duke of Cumberland gave no quarter. The wounded were all slain, and the jails of England were filled with prisoners, many of whom were executed. Lord Balmorino, Kilmarnock, and Lovet, Lovet being the last person who was beheaded in England. A monumental cairn marks the spot where the battle was fiercest and where many of the slain lie buried. At Culloden House, a mile to the north, the family seat of Duncan M. Forbes, the valuable historical collection of "Culloden Papers," covering the years 1625-1746, was discovered in 1812. They were published in London in 1815.

While the Young Pretender was being hunted from place to place by the Han-

verian soldiery an enormous sum was placed on his head, but in spite of poverty and ignorance, the loyalty of the highlanders was proof against all temptation. Upon his arrival in France he was cordially received by Louis XV. He was compelled to leave France in 1748 in accordance with the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. From that time up to his death he lived in various countries.

After the disastrous battle of Culloden for several months, Charles was finally assisted in escaping by the famous Flora MacDonald, disguised as a female attendant upon the lady. She afterward informed Argyle that her sole motive was to succor one in distress, and told Frederick, Prince of Wales, that she would have similarly befriended him had he been in the same plight. No one was permitted to leave the island except by special permission. Flora, therefore, on pretense of going to visit her mother, obtained a passport to visit her mother, and toward her stepfather, Capt. Hugh MacDonald, who was in charge of the militia, a passport for herself, her man servant, "an Irish spinning-maid, Betty Burke," and a crew of six men. Betty Burke was the Pretender, and it is clear that Capt. MacDonald was aware of the fact.

On April 16 in 1862 Farragut began his attack on New Orleans. It is the date of the battle of Columbus, Ga., in 1865. It is the birthday of Charles Wilson Peale, the artist and author (1771), of Louis Adolph Thiers, the French statesman (1797), Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior under Lincoln (1868); of Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury under Arthur (1881), and the noted scientist, Frederick W. Putnam (1839).

## PEOPLE AND THINGS.

## Celluloid Watch Crystals.

Celluloid watch crystals have appeared in the Maiden Lane district in New York City, and are being sold with the guarantee that they will not break as easily as the ordinary crystal made of glass, says the New York Herald. Several objections to the innovation are urged. Dealers say that in the thin watches the lids are elastic to some extent, and if the crystals may also be bent, as is the case when celluloid is used, then there is likely to be interference with the hands of the time-piece. Another objection is that celluloid contains traces of acid which is likely to rust steel parts of the watch. A third objection is that celluloid is inflammable. The new crystals cost a little more than glass.

## Dead Letters.

There is room for general congratulation in the fact that the efforts of the Post-office Department have effected a considerable decrease in the amount of matter being consigned to its dead letter division as compared with the records of former years. Still, there is, indeed, room for betterment along this line, for the dead letter division received in unclaimed letters \$59,076 in cash during the last year, and no less than two million dollars in drafts, checks, and money orders incapable of delivery on account of insufficiently addressed envelopes. Something like eight millions of post-cards were destroyed without record and it staggers our imagination to think of the proportions our daily mail might have reached were all our friends scrupulously particular in sending their greetings.

## MEMORIES OF HAPPY DAYS.

## Modjeska's Own Account of Sunday Evenings in Her London Home.

From "Modjeska's Memoirs," in the April Century.

How can I ever forget the delightful Sunday evenings at our house in Sloane street, London, and later on Finchley road, where those two glorious brothers—Jean and Edouard De Reszke—sang many a time. We had a concert regularly every Sunday, for the De Reszkes came that since "Pauli Helena" cannot go to the opera, being occupied every evening herself, she must have her own opera performance at home.

Mme. Sembrich and her husband were also our guests. I had already met that great artist in Warsaw when she came from Dresden to bewitch her countrymen with her wonderful skill and voice.

The charming soprano and beautiful woman, Marie Rze, and her husband, Col. Mapleson, frequently joined our Sunday parties, and we had the great joy of greeting Josephine De Reszke when she came from the Paris grand opera to London for a short engagement.

We also had instrumental music at our improvised concerts—Joseph Wieniawski and Lovengren, pianists; Reisenauer, Ondrick, Natchez, violinists, and Hollman, the exquisite 'cello, who always brought with him his "wife," as he called his instrument.

The inducement lay in the congenial atmosphere of our receptions. Indeed, our Sunday evenings could have been envied by many rich people, in whose houses our Polish artists declined to sing, even for high remuneration.

Almost every Sunday the De Reszkes, their friend, young Komorowski, a good amateur barytone, and Mierzwinski, came to dinner. The rest of the evening was spent in singing, sometimes until 3 o'clock in the morning.

We thought that the neighbors might object to the music at such hours, and indeed, one evening a policeman knocked at our door. We were sure the object of his visit was to stop the music, and great was our relief, therefore, when he told us he came only to find out who sang the last air. We named Jean De Reszke, and asked him the reason of his inquiry.

"A man in the next house wanted to know," he said, "if you would allow me to be beholden to his neighbors for a farthing? You may go to Scotland for it. Are you in search of a trucking, time-serving servility, which will slaver and backbite, which will fawn and cringe, and most impudently sponge and borrow? You may go to Scotland for it."

"It needs not to be said that all the natives of North Britain are not to be classed with either one or the other of these widely divergent types. There are one or two odd millions who are streaked with virtues and failings like the rest of humanity, but there is nowhere in the world so profound a contrast. You find the same amazing unlikeliness when you survey the Scotsman on the social side. There is the 'bang went saxe' sort of man, and there is the 'what last beside his chair shall fall,' he shall be king among us three' kind of man. There is no such royster as the roystering Scot, and there is nowhere so sour a precisian as his next-door neighbor. You may meet in the same hour in Scotland one man who is like a social sunbeam and another like a pot of frozen verjuice."

"A West Philadelphia teacher was talking about wild animals and birds to a class of little girls," said Herman S. Decker, of Philadelphia, who is at the Riggs, relating the following amusing incident:

"She had told them about the carnivorous animals and beasts of the jungle, and began asking questions about birds of prey."

"Can any one in the class tell me," she asked, "what bird it is that is so strong that it can fly down out of the sky and carry off a small child with ease?"

"There was a moment's pause, and then a little girl in the rear of the classroom frantically raised her hand."